

BRITANNIA

AND

11630. e. 5

7

The Gods in Council ;

A

DRAMATIC POEM:

WHEREIN

Felicity is predicted to *Britain*, the Causes of the present Disputes in *Europe* and *America* are debated, and their Issue prophetically determined.

By Mr. A V E R A Y.

*Jove lifts the golden Balances, that show
The Fates of mortal Men, and Things below:
Here each contending Hero's Lot he tries,
And weighs with equal Hand, their Destinies.
Low sinks the Scale surcharg'd with Hector's Fate;
Heavy with Death it sinks, and Hell receives the Weight.*

POPE'S HOMER.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold by T. Kinnerly, at the Paper-Mill, the North Side

B R I T A N N I A

A N D

The Gods-in-Council;

A

DRAMATIC POEM:

W H E R E I N

Feeling is predicated to Britain, the Causes of the present
Distress in Europe and America are debated, and their
ultimate consequences determined.

BY M. A. V. E. R. A. Y.

Love with the golden Elixer, that flows
The fount of eternal life, and things below;
Here each contending Spirit, in Division,
And weighs his claim upon the Scales of Fate;
How links the Scales, hovering above the World;
Hence with Death in Jests, and Hell within the West;
For's Homer.



L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by T. Kearsley at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

T O

His Royal Highness

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS

DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

May it please your Royal Highness,

IT is not merely with a View to make the most publick Profession of my Duty, and unshaken Loyalty to the best of Princes, that I assume the Confidence of presenting your Highness with this Poem, but to manifest my Abhorrence of the glaring Perfidy of ambitious *Gaul*, whose flighty Wing, through your Highness's noble Valour, and mighty Wisdom, is most gloriously clip'd, from soaring to universal Monarchy; at which she burns with most indignant Rage, and full of vaunting Fury madly seeks the base Completion of her hellish Schemes, by laying Waste *Britannia's* distant Shores, threatening Invasion to the warlike Isle, and by Rebellion to subvert the State: To anticipate such dark

DEDICATION.

Designs, to animate the *Britons* to a just Sense of their Duty, to prevent the Unwary from precipitating down the voracious Torrent, and to elevate the Nation in the impending War, I have, most Royal Sir, depicted the Rebel, the fatal Issue of Rebellion, and prophetically penn'd her Success; *Ut fulmen terret orbem, Sic veritate concutiunter animæ!* Tho' I am certain of incurring the Resentment of superstitious Catholicks, and disaffected Rebels; yet under the secure Shelter of your Highness's Wing (their grand Terror and Confusion) I boldly appear, and bid Defiance to a dastard Rabble.

To elucidate your Royal Virtues, so highly valued, and esteemed; and to extend your justly recorded Fame, are Subjects too sublime, and Tasks too arduous for the most refined Thought! Should this Poem receive your Royal Patronage, and save a single *Briton* from Destruction, it will not only invigorate my Soul, but effectuate the Ends proposed by him, who dares at all Times draw his Sword, nobly to conquer, or bravely fall, in the glorious Defence of his gracious Sovereign's most Sacred Person, and his Country's violated Treaties!

Permit

DEDICATION.

Permit me most Royal Sir with fervent Zeal,
and fathomless Respect, most ardently to wish
Prosperity to *Britain*, to your Highness Success,
Length of Days, and Honour; and to subscribe
myself, as in the profoundest Sense

I am,

Your Royal Highness's

Most Dutiful, Faithful, and

Affectionate Humble Servant,

ROBERT AVERAY.

Dramatici

Dramatici Poematis Dii, Divæ, et Persona,

CELESTIAL GODS

JUPITER	—	Omnipotent
MARS	—	God of War
BACCHUS	—	God of Wine
APOLLO	—	God of Wisdom—Amanuensis to Jupiter
MERCURY	—	Messenger of the Gods

CELESTIAL GODDESSES

JUNO	—	Empress of Heaven-- Goddess of Marriage
MINERVA	—	Goddess of Wisdom
VENUS	—	Goddess of Beauty
IRIS	—	Messenger

TERRESTRIAL GOD

ÆOLUS	—	God of the Winds.
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TERRESTRIAL GODDESS

CERES	—	Goddess of Plenty
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MARINE GOD

NEPTUNE	—	God of the Sea
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TERRESTRIAL GUARDIAN GODDESS

BRITANNIA	—	Guardian of Britain
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HUMAN

The PRINCE.

B R I T A N N I A, &c.

P A R T I.

S C E N E the First, St. JAMES'S.

Curtain drawn, discovers Britannia resting on her Shield and Spear; she advances to the Front of the Stage, and thus Addresses Jupiter.

[Musick behind the Scenes.]

B R I T A N N I A.

O Thou Supreme! unlimited in Pow'r!
Who form'dst and rowl'd in the unbound Abyſs,
From nothing glittering the celestial Orbs,
And this thy fav'rite terrestrial World,
Where Britain's lovely Iſle unſhaken ſtands,
By thee well peopled with a Godlike Race,
In Council ſage, in Worſhip moſt ſincere,
In War intrepid, merciful and brave,
Extending Commerce to the diſtant Shore,
Bearing the Empire of the extenſive Deep,
Thy Pow'r, and Laws to the Barbarians wild
Unſkil'd in Science, Arts, and Manners rude,
Moſt juſtly learning as thyſelf haſt taught,
To their Obedience civiliz'd have brought.

Since

8 BRITANNIA

Since you great *Jove* me Governant have made
O'er this your favour'd Nation to preside,
Grant that the Scepter in great *Brunswick's* Line
To latest Ages may be justly sway'd !

Direct his Council, and his Cause defend
Against the Snares, and treacherous Design
Of haughty, faithless, and perfidious *Gaul* !

Grant he may rule sole Monarch of the Main,
His Commerce waft to the remotest Shore !

Make Empir's tremble when his Cannons roar !

Lead forth his Armies Victory to win,

His Fleets convoy the daring Foe to crush,

Crown thou with Valour, and Success the Isle !

Cause her to bloom, and smiling to rejoice

In verdant Mead, and weighty golden Ear !

Her Vineyards cluster with the luscious Grape,

And Orchards load with fair *Pomona's* Fruit !

Grant Length of Days, O *Jove*, to *Britain's* King,

Show'r thy full Blessing on his Godlike Race,

And cause their Days illustrious to shine !

Cast on this Nation a propitious Smile,

And *Britain* then will be an happy Isle !

[*Jupiter thunders three Times,*]

Britannia

[*Britannia aside.*]

These happy Omens sure presage success,
And *Jove* with wonted Pity heard my Pray'r:

[*Mercury descends.*]

MERCURY:

Hail! Guardian Goddess of the *British* Isle,
Fav'rite of Heav'n, my dear *Britannia* hail!

Come listen to the Messenger of *Jove*;
No sooner had the bright celestial Pow'rs

With just Attention heard your fervent Pray'r,
But instantly the Thunderer me charg'd.

To summon *Neptune* from the *Ægean* Gulph,
Where he from calming the tempestuous Sea,

And chasing Darkness was but just arriv'd.

Next to the royal Cave of living *Gem*,

Where the proud Tyrant on his airy Throne

Curbs the bleak Winds with arbitrary Sway,

Least they the Heav'n and Worlds resistless dash

Against each other; and to Chaos hurl

Refin'd Matter, mighty Work of *Jove*:

O'er cloud capt Hills I swiftly must repair,

And summon to appear this God of Air:

'Thence o'er *Arcadia's* fertile Soil must fly

To fam'd *Æleus* lofty Mountain's top,

Where dwells the Goddess with her golden Hair,

[Producing Plenty to the teeming World ;

And her invite to the celestial Choir,

For mighty *Jove* this Day in Council wise,

On your *Pition* which he feeling heard

The Fall of *Gaul* or *Britain* will decide :

For which the Gods on either Side attend,

Fear not *Britannia* you will win the Day,

My charming Goddess, I must haste away.

[*Mercury flies off.*]

BRITANNIA Sola, looking to Heaven.

Espouse, great *Juno*, Empress of Heaven !

And you, wife Goddess, Daughter of great *Jove*,

Ye warlike *Mars*, and ocean God my Cause !

[*Minerva descends.*]

MINERVA.

Hail ! lovely Goddess, Favourite of *Jove*,

Cease to torment your Breast with anxious Care ;

I from the Mansions of the heav'nly Host,

Through the Expanse of limpid *Aether* flew,

The Fates admired happy Will to shew ;

Haste dear *Britannia* to yon princely Dome,

Hither conduct her most beloved Lord,

That I, his Highness may with Wisdom blest,

And crown his Days with Valour and Renown !

BRITANNIA

11

BRITANNIA.

Bright Goddess, I your lov'd Command obey

[Exit Britannia.]

[Minerva walks across the Stage viewing the Audience,—

Enter Britannia leading the Prince.

BRITANNIA.

His Highness Pallas, I present to you.

[Minerva leads the Prince towards the Audience.]

MINERVA.

Come, lovely Prince, the Fates admir'd Decree,
With Armies routed, and Rebellion crush'd,
Ships burnt and taken, Towns besieg'd and rais'd,
The Fall of Gaul, and arbitrary Pow'r,
By Britain's Arms, and your successful Reign,
I to your View will instantly produce.

PRINCE.

On you, bright Goddess, I with Pleasure wait,
And your Command most chearfully obey.

[Minerva leads Britannia and the Prince to the Summit of a Mount, where she shows them what is to happen in the Prince's Reign.]

Minerva to the Prince.

Soon as your Royal Grandfire hath exchange'd
The British Realm, for a celestial Crown;
You meritorious will the Throne ascend,

Which long had over the dejected Isle
 For her great Loss, so justly hung, disperse,
 And in its stead most lasting Joy diffuse:
 The Papal Pow'rs will wickedly combine,
 And from the Court of *Rome Discordia* send
 To sow Rebellion, and disturb your Reign;
 See how with dreadful Rage she scatters wide
 The noxious Venoms of a Civil War!
 Which from Hell's deepest, and most poisonous Cell
 She joyous snatch'd, and with most rapid Force
 Through folding Gates expanded wide, swift flew
 To this terrestrial World, with Madness dire
 Vain glorious Mortals dreadful to infect,
 And them to their Perdition endless hurl!
 There Rebels, who that deep infectious Bowl
 Of deadly Venom have too largely quaff'd,
 Appear in Arms; but Horror hath fast seiz'd
 Their guilty Souls, and dire Confusion pale.
 (As tho' to Hell's wide Gulph swift winging) holds
 Them fast, and in their Aspect Courage false,
 Faintly appears, full sensible of Ruin;
 By the Pretender to the *British* Crown
 Led vaunting on, their Fate deserv'd to meet!
 There, fierce and brave the Loyalists appear,
 Led by *Augustus*, like *Achilles* arm'd.

Eager for Battle as along they stride!
 Now halt both Armies beautiful array'd!
 The Loyalist advance, and bravely charge!
 Both Sides with Fury their known Weapons ply,
 And strew with Arms, and mangled Limbs the Plain!
 Now hangs in equal Poise the Fate of War!
 Each Side with warlike Bravery maintain
 The bloody Fight, nor dare they quit the Field!
 Now flag the Spirits of the rebel Crew!
 Their Arms they quit, and full of Horror fly,
 Deep struck with Guilt, they most amazing die!
 There on the azure Main in Battle rang'd,
 The numerous Fleets of haughty *Gaul* and *Spain*,
 With Pendants waving in the distant Clouds,
 Daring to fight the Ocean King, appear!
 There, gallant *Hawke* for Sea Fights justly fam'd,
 The noblest Fleet which ever grac'd the Main,
 Well mann'd with Sailors, like their Sires brave,
 Who to their daring Foe as yet unknown
 Basely to yield, in the stout *Royal George*
 Bravely commands, and eager to engage
 Bold *Macnamara*, and the *Spanish* Fleet!
 The valiant Captains now in Order range
 Their battle Ships, and with Impatience wait
 Their Chief's Command! There *Brett* most dauntless sails

The *Gallic* Lines, the Hero fights her well!
 Both Fleets advance, and Side by Side engage
 With Rage redoubled dreadful Havock make!
 Now three huge Ships of *Gaul*, and two of *Spain*
 By *Britons* fired, dreadfuller to view
 Than Comets blazing! the Crew frighted climb
 Some to the Top, the raging Fire to shun,
 Whilst others fearless of the briny Sea
 Leap headlong down, their milder Fate to meet!
 There, two stout Ships of *Spain* half sunk, appear
 Like gaping Earthquake's lofty Mountains gorg'ng
 Three more of *Gaul* with loud tremendous roar
 Explode, and fatal livid Flames more fierce
 Than fiery *Aetna*, or *Vesuvius* Top;
 Forth from their bursted Bowels smoking belch
 The *Gallic* Youths high in the boundless Air
 With rapid Force lie tow'ring, now tumbling fall
 And strew with mangled Limbs, and Bodies burst,
 The bloody Surface of the crimson Billows!
 There, Sword in Hand the *Britons* board, and take
 Ten mighty Ships, the shatter'd Remnant strike
 Their tatter'd Ensigns, and most justly own
 Britain to rule sole Sovereign of the Main!
 There, on the *Rhine* the hostile Force of *Gaul*
 With the Allies hath dreadfully engag'd!

Their nervous Arms bear down the daring Foe,
 Thousands lie slaughter'd on the crimson Plain,
 And Thousands more are forc'd into the Rhine!
 There, *Gibraltar* by *Spain* besieged stands,
 Throwing in vain their fiery Bombs, and Balls,
 The *Britons* fall, the Besiegers fly,
 And the extensive Plain with Purple die!
 The *Gallic* Fleets and Armies now destroy'd,
 Their Nation's Finances, and Commerce ruin'd,
 For Peace through *Prussia's* powerful Arm they sue,
 And *Cape Breton* with *Dunkirk* yield to you!
Spain to the Peace now chearfully consents,
 And a free Trade to all the Indies grants,
 Here ends Rebellion, and the Papal Pow'r,
 Your Reign, O Prince, is now disturb'd no more!

[*Minerva descends from the Mount leading the Prince.*]

MINERVA.

Come, lovely Prince, and see the Gods ascend:

[*They walk to the Center of the Stage, Mercury ascends.*]

MERCURY.

The Gods *Britannia* hasten to your Aid.

[*Minerva by Virtue of her superior Dignity passes unseen by the terrestrial Deities, she points to them as they ascend, and tells the Prince their Power, &c.*]

MINERVA.

There, winged *Hermes* with *Caduce* ascends
Who, the eternal Will of mighty *Jove*,
From Heav'n to Earth, and the infernal Shades,
With rapid Force through the unbound Expanse
Of yielding *Æther* instantly conveys.

[*Musick, French Horns, Neptune ascends.*]

MINERVA.

Neptune, who rules the foaming Sea ascends,
And in his Hand a forked trident bears,
With which he calms the most tempestuous Waves.

[*Musick, Bassoons. Æolus ascends.*]

MINERVA.

There, *Æolus*, with vast extended Wings,
Full Royal on his windy Region flies,
Whose mighty Force he instantly allays,
And curbs their Fury on the foaming Seas.

[*Musick, Harps, and Cimbals. Ceres ascends.*]

MINERVA.

There, *Ceres* crown'd with golden Ears of Corn,
To the Assembly of the Gods repairs;
She first taught Man to plough the fertile Fields,
The Earth from her a yellow Harvest yields.

[*Iris descends on the Rainbow to Minerva.*]

IRIS.

To summon you, wise Goddess, I am sent,
The Gods assembled now your Presence wait.

*[It thunders as a Signal for Minerva to repair, she takes
Britannia by the Hand.]*

MINERVA.

My dear *Britannia*, I must haste away,
And the Command of mighty *Jove* obey ;
But first his Highness I with Wisdom bless,
And crown his Days with Valour, and Renown !

*[The Prince bends his Knee, Minerva takes him by the
Hand.]*

MINERVA.

Rise, blest with Wisdom, and with Valour crown'd !

PRINCE.

To you, wise Goddess, I devote my Days,
And gratefully your mighty Blessing own.

MINERVA.

To you, *Britannia*, I return your Charge,

[Delivers the Prince.]

In the Assembly I will plead for you,
Fear not Success, I must depart, adieu.

[Minerva ascends.]

IRIS to BRITANNIA.

I heard the pow'rful Empress declare,
That she in Council would your Cause espouse,
And when the Goddesses vouchsafe to pray,
The Gods with Pleasure and Delight obey.

[Iris ascends.]

[Britannia leads the Prince towards the Audience.]

BRITANNIA.

The Gods, ye Britons, now attend your Cause,
And try if you shall give to Gallia Laws,
Or you the Roman weighty Yoak shall bear,
And cast off Freedom for a servile Care;
And if, ye fair, in Nunneries confin'd,
From Mans Embrace, a Cloister'd Life shall end,
Such Priestcraft Rules, may Heaven avert! and cause
Britannia's Isles to give to Gallia Laws;
Which many Omens happily foretell,
Great Jove's Decree with Patience wait, farewell.

[Exit Britannia, leading the Prince.]

[Minerva descends.]

The

The Gods in Council ;

P A R T II.

S C E N E the Celestial Orbs.

[The Gods above the Scenes, Musick behind.]

*Curtain drawn, discovers Jupiter seated on his Throne with
the Celestial and Terrestrial Deities.*

*Apollo, Amantuenfis to Jupiter, hath a large Book resting
on a Cloud.*

Jupiter, after a short Pause, makes the following Speech.

J U P I T E R.

YO U Ocean God, and ye terrestrial Pow'rs,
Who sev'rally preside o'er yonder Orb,

Where stands amidst the foaming Sea secure

Britannia's lovely Isle, highly renown'd

For glorious Deeds in the embattl'd Field,

She o'er the Empire of the waving Main,

With numerous Castles floating in the Air,

Triumphant rides ; and the empyreal Sky

Of distant Shores, with wide belch'd Thunder shakes.

I *Hermes* sent, and your Attendance due

To the bright Mansion of eternal Bliss,

With the celestial mighty Choir to join,

In Council wise this blessed Day have claim'd ;

That I in this divine Assembly may

The Gods in Council.

Fairly decide, if *Britain's* warlike Isle
 Shall conquer *Gaul*, or to the *Gallic* Pow'r
 Submit, and bear the weighty Yoak of *Rome*.
 For soon the *Britons* will with *Gallia* wage,
 For the rich Confines of *Virginia's* Land,
 And fair *Acadia's* cultivated Soil,
 A dreadful, bloody, and avenging War;
 Which will all *Europe* instantly inflame,
 And *Holland's* high and mighty States embroil;
 Therefore, ye Gods, who *Gallia's* Cause espouse,
 And ye, who *Britain's* warlike Isle intend
 In this Assembly most August to fav'r,
 Proceed alternate, I your Voice will hear
 With due Attention, and most justly weigh
 The weight'eft Matter of your learn'd Debates;
 Where Justice sets, I, uncontroul'd will pass
 My unrevers'd, unlimited Decree.

[*Juno rises and pleads for Britain.*]

JUNO.

Since you, O *Jove*, this Day in Council sit,
 The Fall of *Gaul*, or *Albion* to decide,
 I, on the Part of *Britain's* fav'rite Isle
 Most justly plead, whose Daughters lovely, fair,
 Straight, and majestick, virtuous, and wise,
 True to their Husbands, and devout to me,

Preserve most chaste, the bridal Night to crown,
 My marriage Rites, and Ceremonies pure,
 With all my Laws they faithfully obey;
 They Freedom love, and Chastity maintain
 Without the Convent, and the Abby Wall:
 Where the fair Nun, a luscious Bait appears
 For Capuchins, and Abbots, Monks and Friars,
 Such Priestcraft rules, and Virtue by Constraint
 Will never relish with the *British* Fair!
 Shall *Albion*, her much boasted Freedom lose?
 Shall Liberty to Tyranny submit?
 Shall Monks, and Friars, on her blooming Fair
 Confin'd within the cloister'd Abby, Prey?
 No, you O *Jove* will surely ne'er permit
 Tyrannic Pow'r o'er Liberty to reign;
 Besides the haughty *Gauls* Aggressors are,
 They, on the Confines of *Virginia's* Land,
 Have *Britain's* Rights encroach'd, and *Dunkirk's* Forts,
 In Breach of *Utrecht's* solemn Treaty, rais'd,
 Therefore let *Britain* over *Gallia* sway
 Her Royal Scepter, and make *Gallia* pay
 To *Britain* Tribute, and her Laws obey!

[*Venus rises, and pleads for France.*]

VENUS.

Long have I patient heard the partial Voice
 Of that bright Goddess, Heav'n's imperial Queen!
 For the fair Ladies of *Britannia's* Isle;
 Whom she has made ev'n Goddesses excel

But were you *Jove* to search the World around,
 In *Gallia's* fertile Soil, you'll soon perceive
 The Ladies there most sprightly, luscious, gay,
 Fine shap'd, majestick, black-ey'd, amorous, fair,
 With well turn'd Ringlets, waving in the Air,
 Their Dress full neat, from whom *Britannia's* Ills
 Her rich Attire, and genteel Fashions take,
 Yea! nought will please but wears an Air of *France*;
 Their high Rages and gaudy Valets grace
 The sumptuous Tables of the *British* Lords!
French Dancers in their Theaters perform,
 And Actors with Applause set off the Play:
 Their Ladies are in fine Inventions quick,
 Tho' most allow they will the Coquet play!
 Are they not, *Jove*, most beautifully form'd,
 And must they disregarded e'er remain?
 No, she, who best her graceful Charms displays
 Wins at my Altar the first Prize that Day,
 And what is Woman, if she artless lay
 I licence all, and am through *Gallia's* Land
 By the fair Ladies chearfully obey'd;
 And over them my lovely Scepter sway;
 The *Britons*, *Jove*, have *Gallia's* warlike Ships,
 And Merchants taken, but no War declar'd,
 They broke the Peace, and the Aggressors are,
 Therefore to Justice let them forth be brought;
 Let *Gallia* conquer haughty *Britain's* Isle,
 And on the Ocean King her Laws impose.

MARS.
Long have great *Juno*, and *Paphian* Queen,
This mighty Council for their Fair harangu'd ;
But what are Women, Nations to preserve
From hostile Force? Tho' certainly I own
The *British* Fair have most engaging Charms,
And to their Sex a due Respect I pay :
'Tis Men of Arms invaded Nations save,
Such as the *Britons*, who courageous stand
The bravest Onset of the flighty *Gaul*.
They noble Valour in the Fight maintain,
And in fierce Combat never known to yield,
To die or conquer is the *British* Word ;
They the Destruction of the Cannon Ball
And Thunder dread not, by *Augustus* led
The num'rous Force of vaunting *Gaul* to beat,
In firm Battalion they well proved stand
Brandish their Swords and face the daring Foe.
One *British* Warrior will in Combat beat
Three stoutest Heroes of the *Gallic* Race!
Tho' the first Onset of the *Gaul* is fierce,
And in it something more than Human bears,
Yet soon their flighty, dastard Spirits flag,
And cause the Second to be less than Women,
Seeking their Safety in a base Retreat,
Britons for Valour do the World excel,
And in Engagement are my chief Delight.

Long

Long have the *Gauls* possess'd *Acadia's* Land,
 And numerous Forts on the *Ohio* built,
 Which first to *Britain's* warlike Isle belong'd,
 They *Dunkirk's* lofty Battlements have rais'd,
 And the just Basis of their Treaties broke,
 Therefore, O *Jove*, since *Gaul* Offence hath giv'n,
 Let warlike *Britain Gallia* subdue,
 And that false Nation lasting Tribute pay.

[*Bacchus rises and pleads for France.*]

BACCHUS.

Sure, mighty *Jove*, that warlike God who spoke
 For *Britain's* famous Isle, had quite forgot
 The Pow'r of Nectar, how it cheers the Soul,
 And makes the Tongue with Eloquence to talk.
 And is not Wine a Medicine divine?
 It Grief allays, and deepest Sorrow quells,
 Yea! cherishes the Gods as well as Men;
 Wine whets the Wit, and makes the Poet write,
 And Cowards often dreadful Battles fight;
 To Love it is the best and surest Friend,
 And to Old Age a cordial Life-restor'ng:
 O'er *Gaul*, O *Jove*, I principally sway
 My royal Scepter, they my Laws obey:
 There good Champaign, rich Burgundy, and Claret,
 Fill the large Vaults of ev'ry *Gallic* Lord;
 When *Britain's* Isle will nothing else produce,
 But poor *Pomona's* base insipid Juice,
 The *Gallic* Vineyard deck'd with purple Grape,
 Graces the Table, and the rich Desert.

The Gods in Council.

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And suffer not that stately Monarch's Isle,
On my Dominion basely to invade.
As for *Great Britain*, and *Virginia's Land*,
Ohio's Banks, and fair *Acadia's Soil*,
I value not, they worthless are to me;
Not one full Goblet of rich sparkling Wine
Can be from either in a Year produc'd:
And should you suffer *Britain's Isle* to waste
The *Gallic Vintage*, I shall parch with Thirst;
Therefore, O *Jove*, let *Gaul* her Scepter sway.
O'er *Britain's Isle*, and *Britain* Tribute pay.

[*Neptune pleads for Britain.*]

NEPTUNE.

I, mighty *Jove*, at thy most just Command,
My deep extensive azure Empire left,
And through the vast, elastic Element,
To this Assembly instantly repair'd,
Where tim'rous *Gaul* by your Direction stands
In parle with my Vice-roy *Great Britain's King*;
Their Fate from this Assembly's sage Debates,
And your Decree unlimited to take.
To me alone the fluid World belongs,
I Rules prescrib'd for the revolving Tide,
And in due Course her Ebbs and Flowings keep;
At my Command the smooth, and calmed Deep,
Will in Confusion, and tremendous roar,
Amazing lift her wild enraged Head,
And with impetuous Fury dreadful lash
The highest Region of the distant Sky,

Shaking the firm built Battlements of Heav'n;
 Threatning again her vast encircling Globe
 With dire Destruction, and revengeful Dash,
 Huge armed Navies on her craggy Rock,
 Or them o'erwhelm in her voracious Billows;
 I her wild Fury instantly allay,
 Her Surge serene, and foaming Surface smooth,
 In calm Composure lull her restless Bosom,
 And make her slumber on her feeding Shores.
 From Pole to Pole the Mariner full fraught
 With spicy Odours, and rich *Indian* Oar,
 Safe o'er my Empire in his Course I guide,
 And him in Safety to the Port convey.
 To me the Care of warlike Ships is giv'n,
 I bear them swiftly to the bloody Fight.
 And oft have seen, as on my azure World
 To breathe the recent Gale I sportive rode,
 The *British* Navy with the hostile Fleets
 Of *Gaul*, and *Spain* united, fierce engage.
 But soon the *Britons* Conquerors became,
 And made their daring Foes submissive own,
 That they alone reign'd Monarch of the Deep.
 And now as she full Royal o'er her rides,
 All Powers to her their waving Pendants strike,
 And with Submission their due Homage pay:
 And when her Cannon hostile Thunder roar,
 The *Gaul* stands trembling on his native Shore.
 You *Britain*, *Jove*, with matchless Armour blest;
 To reign victorious o'er the fluid Main,

The Gods in Council

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And are, O *Jove*, my principal Delight!
Still, tho' to me such mighty Pow'r is giv'n,
I my Vice-roy to your Decree submit,
The *Gauls* with *Britain* have their Treaties broke,
And fair *Acadia*, and *Virginia's* Land
Basely encroach'd, and the Agressors are,
Therefore make them to *Britain* Tribute pay,
And *Britain* reign sole Monarch of the Sea!

[*Minerva pleads for Britain.*]

MINERVA.

For *Britain's* warlike Isle I now address
Myself to you, who fill Infinitude
Uncircumscrib'd, whose boundless Will is Fate,
Effence divine, of Effence increate,
All Knowledge thou, all Wisdom, Pow'r, and Sight
All Mercy, Justice, and Compassion, Love,
Art all in all, and in thyself Supreme,
Who out of nothing wond'rously didst form,
The dusky Atoms, and the flaming Sphere,
The spangl'd Region, and Empireal Sky,
The lunar Orbs, and that terrestrial World,
Where *Britain's* noble Race, Godlike, erect,
With Godlike Wisdom, Valour, Honour clad,
Of the created, mortal Beings, most
Glorious to thee, and this celestial Choir:
They, mighty *Jove*, your purest Image bear
In their immortal Bosoms deep impress'd;
Their Adoration they devoutly pay
To your eternal Majesty divine.

The Gods in Council

There, most refulgent beautiful array'd,
 On *Isis* silver Stream, fam'd *Oxford* stands,
 With stately Temples, Heav'n saluting Spires,
 Most sumptuous Halls, and gorgeous Buildings grac'd,
 For Learning o'er its swift revolving Globe
 Highly renown'd, her Youth with Ardour glow
 Your noblest Works, and Majesty to fathom:
 There *Cambridge* with like heav'nly Ardour blest,
 Adorns with Sages her beloved Mother,
 And makes the World admire her valu'd Wisdom!
 They many Nations barbarous, and wild,
 Pursuant to your Will thy purest Laws,
 And Pow'r divine, (Wisdom to know) have taught,
 And them, O *Jove*, most dutiful have made
 Her Warriors are for Conduct most renown'd,
 And truest Valour in the embattel'd Field,
 Where by eternal Fame recorded, stand
 Their infinite victorious warlike Deeds,
 Thoughtless of Flight, and ignorant of Fear:
 Their Swords of purest Steel, and horrid Edge
 Well temper'd flaming, they high circling wave,
 Then with distended Nerves, and swiftest Force
 Revengful strike, and cleave their Foes aund'r;
 Hear me, O *Jove*, and to my Plaint give ear,
 Long have the *Gauls* endeavour'd to subvert
 The *British* Realm, and to tyrannic Pow'r
 Them Vassals make, which basely to compleat,
 In a full Peace they Embarkations made

The Gods in Council.

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Of numerous Troops, her Daughter first to waste,
And then to make the warlike Isle submit :
But *Britain* soon their hellish Scheme foresaw,
Her disregarded Navy chiefest Arm,
With Speed equipt, and to *Virginia's* Aid
Sent brave *Boscawen*, with a noble Fleet
The Foe to fight, and their Career to check :
When valiant *How*, two mighty Ships of *Gaul*
Conveying Troops, and warlike Stores to waste
Virginia's Land, and her Encroachments save,
Engag'd and took; here *Britain* acted wise,
Better a Malady in Season stay,
Than Desolation suffer to ensue.
Gaul then resolv'd a further Breach to make,
Dunkirk rebuilt, and *Utrecht's* Basis broke,
The *Britons* with just Rage indignant fir'd,
Their Navy now the *Gallic* Merchants seize,
Not to condemn, but to their Ports convey,
Until the *Gaul* her unjust War declare,
Or yield *Acadia*, and *Ohio's* Forts,
Dunkirk's strong Castles totally erase,
And to the *Britons* Satisfaction make;
These are the Actings of *Britannia's* Me,
Which all the Laws of Nations justify;
And since the *Britons* fought the Foe to drive
From their invaded, and encroached Rights,
The *Gaul* stands guilty of the whole Offence,
Therefore let *Britain's* noble Isle subdue
The haughty *Gaul* in the impending War;

The Gods in Council.

Make *Gaul* to her, a lasting Tribute pay,
And warlike *Britain's* purest Laws obey!

[*Minerva having ended, a profound Silence for nigh two
Minutes, Jupiter decrees, which Apollo records.*

JUPITER.

DECREE,

That *Britain's* Arms in the ensuing War,
Shall over *Gaul* in the embattl'd Field
Victorious reign, and noble Laurels win.
The *British* Navy on the liquid Plain,
Shall *Gallia's* Fleets, and her Allies subdue,
Their Commerce ruin, and their Force destroy;
To Empress *Juno* I commit the Care
Of the fair Ladies of *Britannia's* Isle,
Let her their Chastity most pure preserve,
And them from Abbots, Monks, and Friars keep!
Let mighty *Mars* the *British* Heroes crown
With lasting Valour, and victorious make
Their noble Army in the embattl'd Field!
To powerful *Neptune* I again commit
His Vice-roy, *GEORGE, Great Britain's* Godlike King!
Let him his Navy o'er the fluid World,
And Merchant Ships to their intended Port
Safely convey! And let all Nations pay
To *Britain* Honour on the azure Main!
Let learned *Pallas* *Britain's* lovely Isle
From hellish Discord, and Rebellion dire
Defend! And with admir'd Wisdom bless
Her loyal Subjects, and her Warriors brave
With mighty Valour, noble Honour crown!

The Gods in Council.

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Let airy *Æolus* from blasting Winds
 The Isle preserve! And o'er the glassy Deep
 The *British* Navy, and the Merchant Ship
 With pleasant Gale the furling Sail extend,
 And waft them gently to the wish'd for Port!
 Let *Ceres* fertilize the *British* Soil!
 Her Meads with Verdure cloath! And Orchards deck
 With Fruit delicious! And with golden Ears
 The Harvest crown, and plenteous make the Isle!
 Long shall great *Brunswick*, *Albion's* lawful King,
 And his Descendants, o'er *Britannia's* Isle
 The Scepter Sway, and Liberty maintain,
 They their Rebellions instantly shall crush,
 And Rebels hurl to their devoted Ruin!
 The vanquish'd *Gaul* for Peace shall humbly sue,
 And to the *Britons* for its Basis yield
Acadia's fertile Soil, *Ohio's* Forts,
 And *Dunkirk's* lofty Battlements erase:
 She shall to them full Satisfaction make
 For Treaties broke, and on the briny Sea
 Shall own their sovereign Pow'r, and Laws obey.

[*Jupiter speaks to Mercury.*]

JUPITER.

Haste *Hermes* to *Britannia's* warlike Isle
 And to that Goddess my Decree make known!

[*Mercury descends, the Curtain falls.*]

[*Four Phantoms ascend, form a Dance, and descend, Mercury
 ascends. Britannia, full of Raptures and Joy, runs on the
 Stage, advances to the Front, and thus addresses the*

The Gods in Council

BRITANNIA.

All Joy to *Britain* ~~Un~~mighty ~~Jove~~ this Day
 Hath in full Council of the Gods decreed
 High in your Favour, that you shall subdue
 The haughty *Gaul* in the ensuing War,
 No Abbots, Monks, or Capuchins shall rule
 O'er you the lovely Fair of *Britain's* Isle,
 Ye shall your wonted Liberty enjoy,
 And uncontroll'd to Theatre's repair
 To hear *Rome's* *Shakespeare*, *Addison*, and *Gay*
 Be happy *Britons* in yourselves, and King,
 To *Brunswick's* Godlike Race the Crown's decreed
 Cease, ye rebellious, or you Rebel's Fate
 With dire Destruction will deserved meet;
 Great *GEORGE*, your King, deputed is *Viceroy*,
 By *Neptune* o'er the briny Deep to rule,
 Ye Valiant Tarrs, your Sovereign's Power maintain,
 And reign victorious o'er the foaming Main;
 Ye *British* Warriors, *Mars*, and *Pallas* wise,
 Shall crown your Temples with their lasting Bays;
Gaul ye will conquer, she shall tamely yield
Ohio's Forts, and fair *Acadia's* Field:
 She shall to you full Satisfaction make,
 And *Dunkirk's* num'rous Forts rebuilt, erase;
 Your vanquish'd Foes shall with Submission pay
 Your Sovereign Honour on the briny Sea;
 Ye Godlike *Britons*, now your War declare
 Against the *Gaul*, with Vigour it pursue,
 Ye shall be more than Conquerors, A D I E U